

The TATLER



JAN. 8, 1958

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DIARY OF THE WEEK

From January 8 to January 15

Jan. 8 (Wed.) Hurlingham Amateur Dramatics Production (to 10) at the Hurlingham Club.

Miss Dorice Stainer's Children's Party in aid of the Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies, Hyde Park Hotel, 3-6.30 p.m.

Steeplechasing at Hurst Park.

Jan. 9 (Thu.) St. Moritz; Commonwealth Winter Games (to 20), skiing: downhill race and slalom race.

National Exhibition of Cage Birds and Aquaria (to 11), at Olympia.

Steeplechasing at Hurst Park.

Jan. 10 (Fri.) St. Moritz: Commonwealth Winter Games, tobogganing: skeleton race on the Cresta Run.

Festival of English Folk Dancing (two days), Royal Albert Hall.

The Hon. Mrs. H. Constantine Smith's annual Ball in aid of the N.S.P.C.C. at the Midland Hotel, Manchester.

Hunt Balls: The Berkeley Hunt Ball at Berkeley Castle, Glos; the Oakley Hunt Ball at Old Warden Park: the Crawley and Horsham Hunt Ball at Buchan Hill, Crawley.

Steeplechasing at Newbury and Haydock Park.

Jan. 11 (Sat.) Rugby Football: Scotland v. France, at Murrayfield, Edinburgh.

The Woodland Pytchley Hunt Ball at Rockingham Castle, Market Harborough.

Steeplechasing at Newbury, Haydock Park, Catterick Bridge and Warwick.

Jan. 12 (Sun.) St. Moritz: Commonwealth Winter Games, Bob-run: Boblet race.

Jan. 13 (Mon.) Steeplechasing at Birmingham.

Jan. 14 (Tue.) St. Moritz: Commonwealth Winter Games, Bob-run: bobsleigh race.

Children's Blue Bird Party for the League of Pity, Hyde Park Hotel, 3-6 p.m.

Steeplechasing at Birmingham.

Jan. 15 (Wed.) Home Life Exhibition opens at Brighton (to 25th).

MISS CAMILLA BELLVILLE is the daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Peter Pleydell-Bouverie, of Landford Lodge, Salisbury, and of Mr. Anthony Bellville, of The White House, Bembridge, Isle of Wight. Miss Bellville made her debut last April and finished her education in Paris and Gstaad, Switzerland; she speaks fluent French. Her favourite sports are lawn tennis, sailing and riding.

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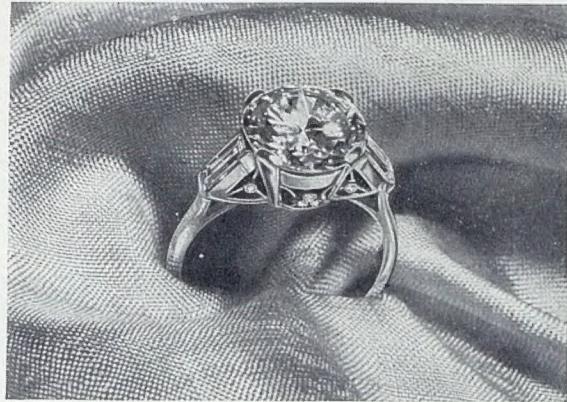
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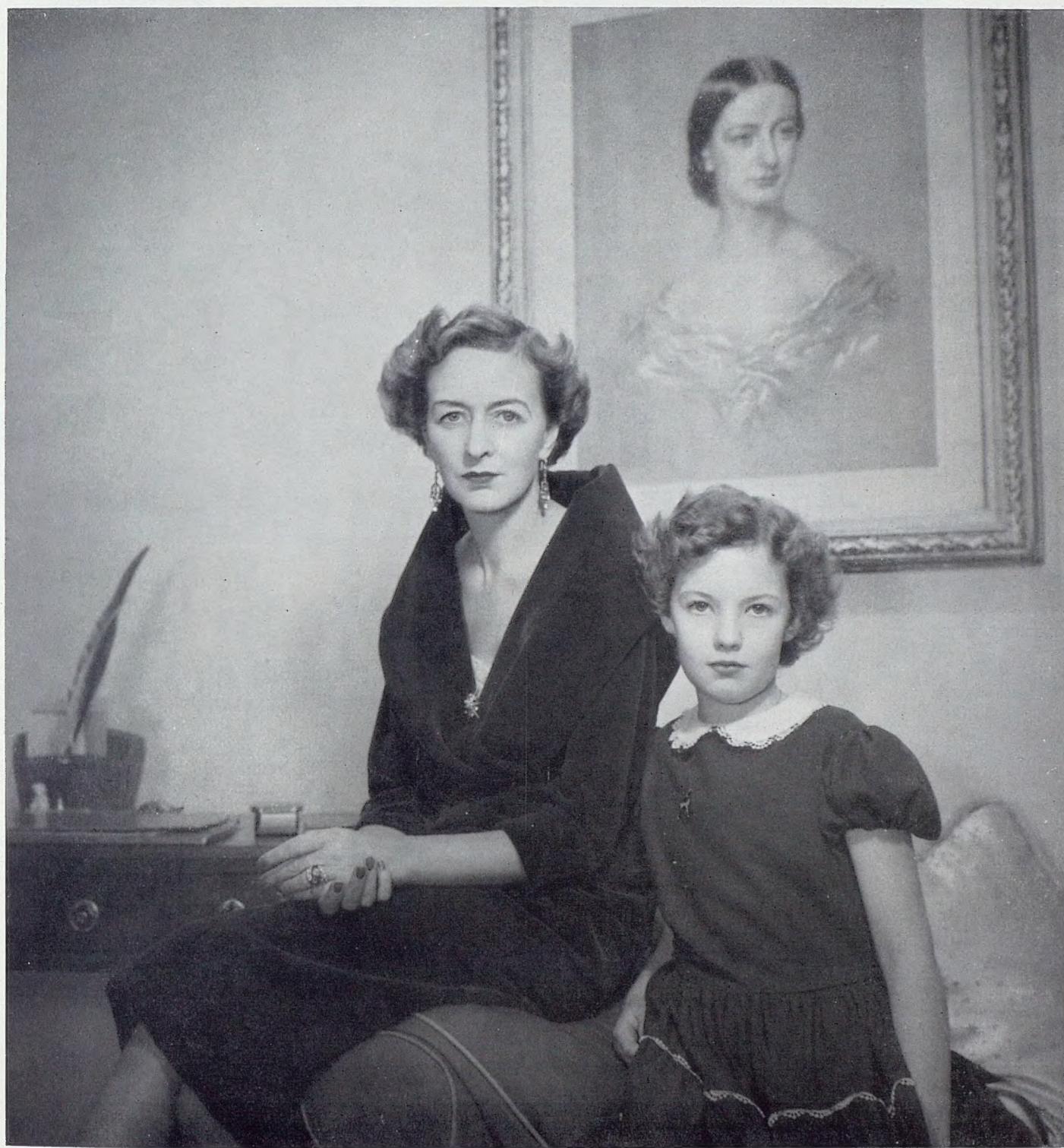
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JANUARY 8
1958



A portrait of three generations

MRS. MERELINA PONSONBY and her daughter Merelina Karen Ponsonby are seen in their beautiful London house in Brechin Place; behind them hangs a portrait of Mrs. Ponsonby's grandmother, another Merelina. Mrs. Ponsonby

is the only daughter of the late Col. and Mrs. Bosanquet, of Bayfields, Headley, Hampshire. Merelina Karen was born in 1946; her father, Major Chamore Brabazon Ponsonby, is an Hon. Lieutenant-Colonel of the 10th Royal Hussars

WIFE OF A POLITICIAN

THE HON. MRS. RICHARD WOOD is the wife of the Earl of Halifax's younger son, who is M.P. for Bridlington. She is a daughter of the late Lt.-Col. E. O. Kellett, D.S.O., M.P., and of the Hon. Mrs. William McGowan, in whose house this photograph was taken. The Woods have a son and daughter



F. J. Goodman

Social Journal

Jennifer

AT THE CIRCUS LUNCHEON

FOR the first time H.R.H. the Duke of Kent and his brother Prince Michael of Kent attended the Bertram Mills Circus luncheon and the opening performance of the Circus at Olympia, an annual event to which a great many people look forward. The Duke sat on the right of the Marquess of Exeter, the chairman, who has for many years presided at these luncheons. H.R.H. was on the left of Mr. Cyril Mills, who with his brother Mr. Bernard Mills has carried on the very high standard and traditions of this great circus which was started by their late father.

There are always a number of interesting people at the luncheon, which is usually attended by about five hundred guests who enjoy a delicious meal, miraculously served in record time by very efficient staff of J. Lyons (who, among other events, always do the catering at the Royal Garden parties). Each year there is some new spectacle, heralded by two trumpeters of the Household Cavalry as the sweet course is served. This year the curtains were pulled back and one saw a life-size stage coach in a snowy scene.

THE chairman, the Marquess of Exeter, who is one of the best speakers in the country, always makes a short and very amusing speech at this luncheon, and this year was no exception; he soon had everyone laughing heartily, especially when, referring to the Secretary of State for War, and the Trews versus Kilt controversy, he coined the word "Trift"! Among those I saw sitting at the top table were the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress Sir Denis and Lady Truscott (he later officially opened the circus), the Marchioness of Exeter, Mrs. Cyril and Mrs. Bernard Mills, the Italian Ambassador Signor Zoppi, the High Commissioners for New Zealand, South Africa and Australia, and Earl and Countess Attlee.

The Prime Minister was absent as he was fulfilling official duties in Paris, but others there were Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery,

Field Marshal Sir Gerald and Lady Templer, the Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Westmorland, Viscount and Viscountess Tenby, Signora Baricalla, Viscount and Viscountess Cowdray and Lady Angela Cecil.

Others I saw at the luncheon included the Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones, and Lady Salisbury-Jones, the Hon. Neville and Mrs. Berry, Sir Hartley Shawcross, M.P., Q.C., and Lady Shawcross, Mr. Neill Cooper-Key, M.P., and the Hon. Mrs. Cooper-Key, Mr. Billy Wallace, Miss Judy Montagu, Lord and Lady Burnham, M. and Mme. Champenois, the Hon. Vere Harmsworth, Mr. and Mrs. George Ritchie, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Pickering, Mr. William Miller, Mr. and Mrs. C. Max-Muller, and Dr. and Mrs. Goedhuis, who were shortly off to ski in Austria, after which Dr. Goedhuis is going on a business trip to Australia.

THE two young Princes and many of the other guests then enjoyed a splendid performance of the circus which, as I said last week, is one of the best ever to be presented. There are a number of new and original acts, many of them being given in England for the first time. The Schumann high-school horses must be some of the best trained in the world today and their acts are put on with great speed.

Mr. Cyril Mills and his brother have very kindly given a number of seats for the matinée of the Circus on January 17, to be sold in aid of the Children's Country Holidays Fund. Miss Sheran Cazalet, joint chairman of the Fund, tells me that the tickets are no more expensive than buying them through the usual agencies, and can be obtained from Mrs. Claremont, M.B.E., 18 Buckingham Street, W.C.2 (Trafalgar 4505).

I WENT to a most delightful small dinner-dance which Mrs. Trubshawe gave towards the end of last month at the Hyde Park Hotel, for her débutante daughter Miss Victoria Trubshawe, who looked enchanting in a dress of fondant pink taffeta. Pink flowers were arranged in the

ballroom and sitting-out rooms, and guests sat at candlelit tables in the ballroom, where after dinner the floor was cleared for dancing, which went on until the early hours of the morning. Mrs. Trubshawe looked charming in an aquamarine blue dress of wild silk embroidered with beads and sequins, and received the guests with her brother Mr. Richard McDougall and Victoria.

There were a few older relations and friends at the dance, as well as many of Victoria's young friends. Among the former were her grandmother Mrs. James McDougall, her great-aunt Mrs. Simon Orde, Lord and Lady Erskine, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Wysard, Col. James and Lady Jane Nelson who have their younger daughter Sally making her début this season, Sir Simon and Lady Campell-Orde, Mr. and Mrs. Tres Morton, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Grazebrook and Brig. and the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Senior.

Among Victoria's young friends I saw dancing happily were Miss Sarah Johnston who is shortly off to Madrid to stay with friends and learn Spanish, Miss Daphne Philipps, Mr. Billy McAlpine, Miss Joanna Smithers, Miss Sally Hunter, Mr. Julian Benson, Miss Marietta Grazebrook who is making her début this year, Miss Deirdre Senior and Miss Jennifer Nelson who, having finished her season, is shortly starting to work at floral decoration with Lady Rose McLaren. Also present were Miss Amber Leslie and her brother Mr. Alastair Leslie, the Hon. Patrick Conolly-Carew, Viscount Elveden, Mr. Colin Malcolmson and the Hon. Caroline Erskine who came out a few years ago with Victoria's elder sister Sarah, who was also at the dance.

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I WENT for a short while on a busy evening to an outstandingly enjoyable cocktail party given by Viscount and Viscountess Knollys, the latter looking most attractive in a green poult dress, at Claridge's. The ballroom, though full, was not too crowded, and all the guests I met were interesting personalities, which is always stimulating. Our host and hostess have only recently returned from a trip abroad, which for Lord Knollys (who is chairman of Vickers) was a business trip. During this they visited a number of places in South America and then went on to North America and arrived home about the middle of last month. Among guests at the party were the First Lord of the Admiralty the Earl of Selkirk, with Lady Selkirk, talking with Viscount and Viscountess Monckton of Brenchley, Mr. Whitney Straight just returned from a business trip to Australia, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund de Rothschild, Sir Roger and Lady Makins, Mr. and Mrs. Terence Maxwell, Mr. Frederick Erroll, M.P., and Mrs. Erroll, Mr. and Mrs. Gerard d'Erlanger who are shortly leaving on a trip to the West Indies and Bahamas, and Sir Miles and Lady Thomas who had only been back a couple of weeks from a business trip to San Francisco.

Also present were Senhor Dagnino the Venezuelan Ambassador, Senhor Castello-Branco, Minister-Counsellor at the Brazilian Embassy, Capt. Christopher Soames, M.P., and Mrs. Soames, the former Attorney-General Sir Lionel Heald and Lady Heald, Sir George Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. John Thomson who have a charming home, Woodperry, near Oxford, Lady Micklem, Mr. Hughie de Rougemont, and Mr. "Kit" Hoare, one of the greatest characters in the City today, whose stockbroking firm has brought out some of the biggest issues in recent years; he was talking to Lord and Lady Weeks. The latter has been receiving many congratulations from her friends on the charming little children's book she has written, entitled *Talk About A Dog's Life*, for her grandchildren Teedie and Tomtie, which so far has only been



PLANNING A BALL

THE JUNIOR COMMITTEE held a party at the home of Lady (Timothy) Eden to arrange the Young People's Ball in aid of the League of Pity at Londonderry House. Above: Miss Margaret Leonard Morgan, who was the junior committee chairman, with Mr. James Moore



Miss Anna Clamp with
Miss Elfrieda Eden



Miss Clara Gibson and
Mr. Richard Derry



Miss H. Roberts, Mr. C.
and Miss T. Winckelmann

Miss Jaye Van Wolkerten, Mr. A.
Steen and Mr. Thomas Tidwell



Miss Sally Simpson (left), Mr. Nicholas Cohen,
Mr. John Winckelmann and Miss Susan Bunyan

Desmond O'Neill



Desmond O'Neill

A big field of the Hampshire Hunt met outside Odiham Church, near Basingstoke

Angela and Susan Mustoe waiting for the move off

Mr. H. K. Goschen, joint-Master, with Bob Jones

Michael and Rosalind Hoare were other young followers

printed for private circulation. It is hoped by those who have read it that before next Christmas comes along it will be published and on sale everywhere.

Another evening I looked in at a party given by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Slesinger in their charming Upper Brook Street house. Here there was also a big contingent of young guests, friends of their two sons John and Anthony, the latter is now doing his National Service with the Life Guards. Those present included Sir Brian and Lady Mountain's two sons, Denis and Nicholas, and the former's fiancée Miss Fleur Kirwan-Taylor, Miss Sally Probert-Jones, Miss Diana Morley Kennerley whose parents were also present, Mr. Jeremy Carr, Mr. and Mrs. Bobbie Brooks, and his sister Miss Belinda Brooks, Mr. Dennis Milne, Mr. Tommy Sopwith, Mr. and Mrs. John Hanbury-Williams, and Mr. Nicholas Royds, whose wife had just given birth to their second son.

Among older guests were Mr. and Mrs. Brian Whitfield. He was tutor to both John and Anthony Slesinger at Eton, and both were meeting several of their "old boys." Also there were the Dowager Lady Ebbisham, Sir Harold and Lady Graham Hodgson, Mr. and Mrs. Zamora and their granddaughter Miss Jane Harrison who is now studying at R.A.D.A. Others I saw were Mr. and Mrs. Angus Irwin, Sir Ronald Howe, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Maydwell who were in South America last autumn, and her stepfather Air Chief-Marshal Sir Christopher Courtney who came alone as Lady Courtney was not well.

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I WENT to a very amusing cocktail party given by the directors of Ladbrokes at their very nice offices in Burlington Street. This was to meet Mr. David Langdon who has done the drawings of racing personalities appearing in this year's Ladbroke Calendar, which one sees adorning the writing tables in so many homes. The party took place in a large, finely panelled room where the drawings of this year's calendar and some of previous years were arranged around the walls. Guests could also go into the adjacent room, where a stupendous number of telephones are arranged on rows of long tables with lists of the day's runners beside them, a fascinating sight; and into the directors' sitting-room where some very fine pictures by Sartorius and other great painters of horses adorn the walls.

During the party Robert Morley made a very witty little speech in his inimitable way, introducing the artist.

The Earl of Westmorland was talking to Colonel and Mrs. Jim Wind-o-Lewis, and nearby the Duke of Devonshire and the Hon. Richard Stanley were with a group of friends. Others present included Major Ronnie Aird, and Sir Percy and Lady Orde, who own that good chaser Pointsman. Also at the party were Lord Tryon, the Hon. Anthony Samuel, Mr. and Mrs. Nubar Gulbenkian, Mr. and Mrs. Derek Parker-Bowles, Mr. Spencer le Marchant, Mr. and Mrs. Bligh, Sir Ronald Howe, Wilfred Hyde-White and his bride, and Viscount Lumley who has with great enterprise recently begun working in London as a P.R.O.

★ ★ ★

THE Chilterns Branch of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution held a most successful dinner-dance at the Compleat Angler hotel at Marlow. Tickets were sold out long before the night of the dance and for the first time at any charity affair I heard guests discussing parties for next winter's dance and trying to book tickets a year in advance! More than 200 came to support this event, which was extremely well organized and for which this well-known riverside hotel produced an excellent dinner, quickly and well served—a much better meal than one sometimes finds at charity dances in London.

This is considered primarily a dance for young people and there were a great number present.

Among older friends I met Earl and Countess Howe—he is of course chairman of the R.N.L.I. and was president of the ball, and Countess

Howe is chairman of the Chilterns branch. They had the Marquess and Marchioness of Willingdon with them, and a large party of young people including their thirteen-year-old daughter Lady Sarah Curzon, who was busy selling raffle tickets at the end of dinner. Lady Howe's two older daughters, Miss Susan and Miss Ann Shafto, were also there. Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Mobbs (she is president of the Chilterns Branch), and their son Nigel who is up at Oxford, had a party of young people, among them Miss Dini Rae Smith and Mr. Anthony Gueterbock, who is in his last year at Eton.

I MET Mrs. Ralph Medley, the efficient and hard-working honorary secretary of the dance. Her daughter Miss Shirley Medley who, when her parents were in Paris, worked as a secretary with N.A.T.O., and is now secretary to Sir Arthur Vere Harvey, M.P., was among the young people present. Others included Miss Cherry Burness, the Hon. Joanna Cavendish and her cousin Miss Jill Barbezat, Miss Diana Stoneham, Mr. Brian Peppiatt, Miss April Brunner, Mr. and Mrs. David Mackrill who came with her parents Mr. and Mrs. John Grierson, and those delightful twins Jeremy and Caroline Norton. Caroline is making her début this year.

Their parents, Mr. H. C. Norton, who is chairman of the hunt down there, and Mrs. Norton, who was honorary treasurer of this very successful dance which must have raised a splendid sum for the R.N.L.I., were both present, also Mrs. Philip Carter who brought forty friends, Mrs. John Hodgson and Col. and Mrs. Tony White, who had motored over from Latymer, not far away, where he is at the Joint Services College.

EARLIER in the evening before I motored to Marlow, I went to a delightful cocktail party given by Sir Norman and Lady Hubert in the Members' Dining Room of the House of Commons. It was a Friday evening and the House had risen for the weekend. Their guests included several Members of Parliament, the Chancellor of the Exchequer Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, Miss Pat Hornsby-Smith, and Sir Alfred Bossom. Viscount and Viscountess Tenby I saw, also that good-looking and gay personality Sir Brian Horrocks and his very attractive wife, and Sir Charles and Lady Norton who were later going on to the dance given by the Westminster Dragoons.



Mr. D. J. Edington, Miss Jenny Archer, Miss Pam Wilson, Miss Patricia Hemsall and Mr. J. A. Bishop

THE Westminster Gardens Guild is something I feel all of us who live in the City of Westminster should support. Although, living in a block of flats, I cannot even have a window box, I subscribe annually as I, like many others, enjoy seeing other people's gay window plants and the little gardens that brighten London. I recently went to the Guild's annual general meeting and prizegiving, which concluded with a most interesting talk by Mrs. Fitzgerald, on planning, what to plant, where to buy, the upkeep of window boxes or a little garden in London. She finished up by showing coloured slides of some very colourful Westminster window boxes and gardens.

Last summer the Metropolitan Police Force carried all before them with a truly colourful and splendid effort outside Gerald Row Police Station, winning the Coronation Cup. The slides included some amazing efforts, a small walled garden in Ebury Street, a prizewinner the two previous years, a wonderful roof garden on Aldford House, and superb white geraniums and other white flowers near Trevor Square.

The Guild helps some of those living in the little almshouses, and others who love gardens, but cannot afford to do much, except by giving them bulbs and plants. It would be a great thing if more of the big business firms with premises in Westminster, as well as many of those living in and enjoying the amenities of our part of London, joined the Westminster Gardens Guild and contributed a little. The Hon. Treasurer is Mr. James Liddell-Simpson whose address is 27 Wilton Place, S.W.1.

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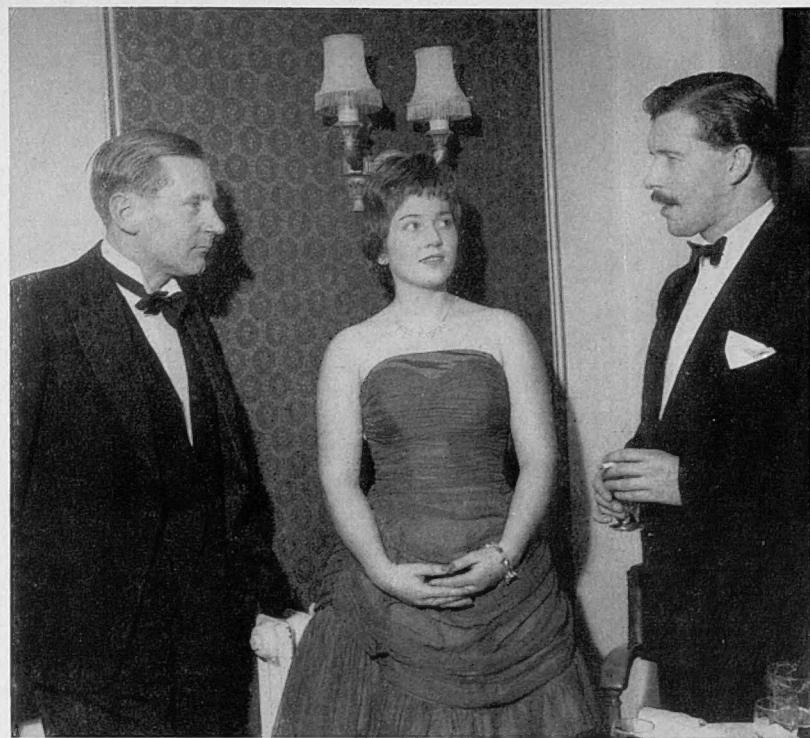
THE New Year in Switzerland found most resorts very gay and full of visitors. Ski-ing conditions were varied and snow, as I write, was badly needed in some places. Many regulars were already enjoying St. Moritz, where conditions were ideal, and that popular personality Prince Constantin Liechtenstein is looking after the famous Corviglia Ski Club, which in my opinion is one of the most enchanting spots in the world to lunch, high up among the snow-clad mountains and with the most delicious food. At the Palace Hotel, which Mrs. Hans Badrutt, her stepson Andrea and her son Hansli run so efficiently with real comfort and luxury, many of the regular visitors are already staying, including Mr. Stavros Niarchos and his lovely wife and their two little sons, and Mr. and Mrs. Loel Guinness with a big family party including Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Guinness.

Also staying there are Count Egon Furstenberg, Countess Daria Mercati and her daughter, and Mr. Jimmy Ortiz Linares from Paris, Comte Cella and his family from Milan, and Prince N. Pignatelli-Aragon and the Duc di Sangro from Rome.

The famous Cresta Run opened from Stream just after Christmas, and from Junction last week, with that great American character Mr. Fairchilds MacCarthy in command. The Hon. Derek Moore-Brabazon has been among the riders; he is out there for the Christmas holidays with his wife and their young son. Others riding on the first days included a promising novice from New Zealand, Mr. T. Riddell, also Mr. H. P. Hoffman, the Earl of Kimberley and South African Mr. J. Schlesinger. The great rider Douglas Connor, holder of most of the Cresta records, was expected this week from Canada, where he has been spending Christmas with his wife and family.

Yesterday, January 7, the famous Roberts of Kandahar ski race was due to be run at St. Moritz, also the race for the Alpine Ski Challenge Cup for slalom racing. On January 9 the British men's ski running championship, and on the 11th and 12th the Lowlanders and the Anglo-Swiss University match, the oldest team ski race in the world, are taking place.

I saw the New Year in, in Monte Carlo, about which I shall be writing next week.



A FESTIVITY IN BUCKS

MORE than 500 guests enjoyed The Snowball given by the Gerrards Cross Young Conservatives Association at the Bell House Hotel, near Beaconsfield. Above, Mr. Ronald Bell, M.P. for South Bucks, Miss Ann Broadway and Mr. Michael E. Pearce



Mr. P. A. G. Keith and Miss Shirley Valentine



Mr. George Apter escorting Miss Carol Thomas



Miss Anne Butters and Mr. Patrick Shepherd



Miss Juliet Dutton with Mr. Brian Oury



Miss Monica Woolveridge and Mr. A. McCraw

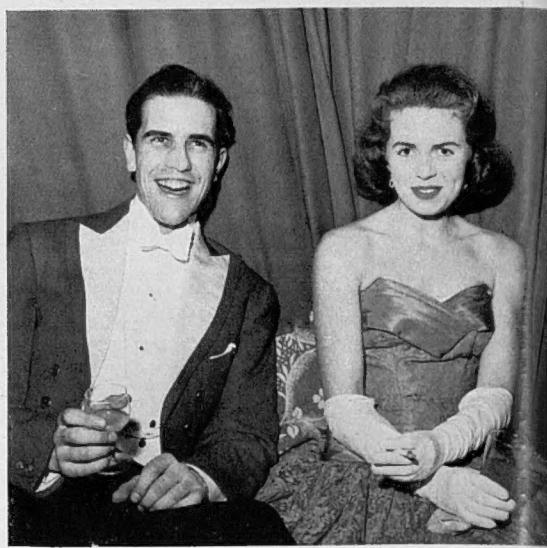


Miss A. O'Sullivan and Mr. R. Jackson

Van Hallan



Mrs. G. Stoddart, hunt committee chairman, Mr. Dorian Williams, Master of the Hunt, and Mrs. Williams



Mr. Jaimie Judd in company with Miss Diana Keane

WHADDON CHASE HUNT BALL

OVER THREE HUNDRED guests attended the Whaddon Chase Hunt Ball which was held at the Old Ride, Little Horwood, Bucks, by permission of the Rev. T. H. and Mrs. Flynn. The evening's enjoyment was shared by many members of neighbouring hunts



The Hon. Diana Holland-Hibbert and Major J. Young



Miss Penny Graham dancing with Mr. T. Birkbeck



Miss Sally Poole partnered by the Hon. Rodney Elton



Mrs. Stoddart and Mr. Peter Stoddart were among those at this good dance



Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Marler examining some old weapons on display



Miss Jill Duncombe-Mann, Mr. Jeremy Carlos-Clarke, Mrs. and Capt. J. Hamilton-Fleming



The Hon. Mrs. Bowlby sitting out with her husband, Major John Bowlby

Desmond O'Neil.



Giraudon

The surprise of the exhibition is Georges de la Tour, whose "New Born Child" (left) is among the artist's paintings which have a gallery to themselves. Above, Mlle de la Valliere, Louis XIV's mistress, by Rigaudon.

THE GLOW OF THE GOLDEN AGE

ERNLE BRADFORD describes with affectionate pleasure the Winter Exhibition of pictures gathered from French chateaux and museums, now to be seen at the Royal Academy



The exquisite beauty of the Gobelins Tapestry is seen above. It depicts the rape of Persephone

ONCE again the Royal Academy has produced one of those magnificent exhibitions which are like an oasis in the desert of the English winter. This time, it is "The Age of Louis XIV"—*Le Grand Siècle* as the French have always referred to it. The exhibition comes as something of a revelation, for there can be few people who have had either the leisure, or the industry, to examine all of the many châteaux and provincial museums from which these works of art have been gathered. There can be few more delightful surprises than to leave behind the rumble of Piccadilly and within a few minutes find oneself in the gracious golden world of *Le Roi Soleil*.

King at the age of five, Louis XIV died seventy-two years later—the longest recorded reign in European history. Curiously enough, long reigns often seem to equate themselves with periods of economic, social and cultural prosperity. Augustus in ancient Rome, Louis XIV in seventeenth-century France, and Queen Victoria in England are all more than mere names in history books. During their reigns their countries reached previously unknown heights of power and splendour. All three of these monarchs had something of the autocrat in their nature, and Louis XIV—despite popular misconceptions which envisage him as doing little more than dallying with his mistresses at Versailles—was in many ways the model of a great king.

DURING his reign France was undoubtedly the first state in Europe, both in terms of military power and of the arts—and the head and the heart of France was the king himself. It is something of this sense of aristocratic power and consciously ordered elegance which shines through all the works of art now assembled in Burlington House.

Those who visit the exhibition expecting to find the prettiness and charm of Fragonard and Boucher will be disappointed. They—and the period of French art which they represent—came later. The art of the court of Louis XIV is distinguished by all the grandeur of a great age, and by a classical restraint that is the more notable for the romantic and poetic conceptions of nature that run parallel with the dignity of the great religious paintings.

The undoubted revelation of this exhibition is the painter Georges de la Tour, whose work has a whole gallery to itself. The nine pictures shown here—none of which have been seen before in this country—represent more than half of the known work of an artist who must certainly be counted among the glories of the period. A follower of Caravaggio, and—like the Italian master—fascinated by the play of light and shade, of dramatic contrast and

of the human figure, la Tour remains undeniably French. Although one is familiar with this style of painting among the Dutch and the Italians, one could not be deceived for a minute into thinking that la Tour belonged to either of these countries. He uses the same somewhat theatrical approach, but the spirit which infuses his work is French—and French of *Le Grand Siècle*. The painting called "The New Born Child" is a masterly handling of a theme which many painters have attempted and few mastered. The difference between most similar works and la Tour's is the quality of realism combined with tenderness which is instinct in every brush-stroke in this picture. "St. Joseph in the Carpenter's Shop" is another masterpiece; impeccable draughtsmanship combined with a sensitive realism. La Tour, as can be quickly seen, was not typical of his period. He worked in Touraine, and was outside the main stream of French art of the period. If the Royal Academy had done no more than introduce the works of this one painter to the British public it would deserve our thanks.

THE exhibition is extremely well hung, and avoids the usual bugbear of over-crowding. The paintings are all judiciously spaced, and the chronological arrangement of the rooms enables one to follow the course of the period's art, from its inception among the French artists who derived their style from Rome, up to the full glory of a great native French school with the Le Nains, Nicolas Poussin and Claude.

Gallery IV has two hitherto unknown paintings attributed to the Le Nains, one of them a magnificent altar piece. In Gallery VI there is a feast of romantic colour tempered by the prevailing French classicism in the works of Poussin and Claude. The authorities of the Louvre have loaned one outstanding Claude, a view of a port, which has all the gentle luminosity of a perfect autumn morning. The "Diogenes" landscape by Poussin is another fine picture of this period. Here the painter's selective eye and orderly hand have arranged nature into a grave harmony, so that the impression received is somewhat like the rhythms of great classical music. There could be no better illustration of the difference between the English and the French temperaments than to compare the handling of landscapes and nature by French artists of the seventeenth century with the works of the great English landscape painters.

The exhibition is not all pictures, however. There are a number of extremely fine busts and statuary, silver, metalwork, books, bookbindings and tapestries. The last are among the outstanding features of the exhibition. They, perhaps more than anything else, give one the very "feel" of the age. In these works the genius of Le Brun found an ideal métier. He was an artist who needed a large scope, and in these magnificent tapestries he emerges as one of the outstanding figures of the period.

HERE one can see not only the great moments of Louis XIV's life that are recorded in history, but also the sports and the amusements of the court—the boar hunts and the fêtes.

It was a way of life which has gone for ever, but which we can catch glimpses of in old chronicles. ". . . After the siesta they mounted their horses, and the pages came up with the falcons. When they had finished beating the valley, my Lady and all the people with her dismounted in a meadow; there fowls, cold partridges and fruit were brought to them and all ate and drank and made chaplets of greenery; then singing most delightful songs, they went back to the Castle. . . . They ate late and afterwards my Lady went to seek distraction afoot in the country and they played bowls until night fell, and thereafter went back to the hall by torchlight; and then came the minstrels. They danced far into the night; then, after fruits and wine had been served, they took their leave and went to bed."

A picture which seems to sum up the whole age is a sketch in oils by Hallé showing the Doge of Genoa kneeling before Louis XIV and imploring the monarch to spare his city from bombardment. The scene is set in the *Galerie des Glaces*, Versailles, with all the Imperial silver plate surrounding the throne, and all the glamour of the costumes and the glory of the new palace caught by the painter's brush. Here we see the great autocrat graciously condescending to the stricken Doge of Genoa—the ruler of a city that was known as "The Proud" and "The Superb" pleading before the greatest monarch of the age. Standing in front of this picture, one can easily understand why it is that the French look back upon the reign of Louis XIV as a golden age, an age when the whole world paid tribute to the power and the genius of France.



A pleasing work by Largilliere is this self-portrait. It comes from the Beaux Arts Museum in Tours

Giraudon



A statue of "Le Roi Soleil" himself, Louis XIV, by Martin Desjardins, a Dutch sculptor in Paris

Roundabout

CORAL ISLAND DREAMS

Maurice Richardson

DON'T you wish it was your first night in Tahiti and you were propping, in your white linen suit, the bar of the Cercle Bougainville in Papeete, lapping up the gossip of the enchanting, promiscuous, multi-racial island along with your green swizzle?

Of course you do; and especially now when the season for planning tropical travel is at its peak. But we, the odd ninety-nine per cent who can't get away, can always do ourselves proud in our daydreams. The secret is, as usual, a little concentration.

Don't dissipate your fantasies or your geography. Decline those imaginary West Indian invitations from Beaverbrook and Noël Coward. Pass up John Huston's suggestion (bound to have ended in tears) that you join the unit on location in the Canaries as his guest. Cable Dr. Nkrumah that you'd never be able to stand the humidity of Accra. And plump for Tahiti all by yourself, at any rate until you get there. Seven thousand miles away, but it is so small, and described in such copious detail, that you have only got to shut your eyes and you have arrived.

The island, for all its dark-green, soaring conical mountain peaks, is not much bigger than the Isle of Wight. Papeete, the ramshackle flowery capital, has a population roughly equal in number—not in anything else—to that of Sidmouth. I can tell you exactly what you will do on your first night. After watching, with various sympathetic new-made friends, the sun setting behind Moorea across the lagoon, you will dine at Sage's next door, mainly on sea-fruit. Then a tour of the local night life, Quinns, where the ashtrays are nailed to the tables in the absurd little bamboo cubicles; Lionel's, the Col Bleu.

Some time after midnight everybody piles into taxis and drives through the warm soft moonlight to the Lafayette, a nightbox right on the beach with palm trees leaning all over it. You will certainly swim as well as dance and there is no question of getting to bed before morning.

The danger of repeating this performance night after night having been pointed out to you, you will rent a pandanus leaf house in a quiet village by the lagoon, order your groceries and wine at the Chinese store, and settle down to a blue, green, brown and gold idyll of swimming, fishing and meditation, occasionally interrupted by coral sores.

That was how it used to be. And that is how it still can be surprisingly easily. For even today, the French Messageries Maritimes boats will take you first-class return to Tahiti, *including* a month on the island, for around £300. Anyone wanting to take advantage of this offer is advised to do so quick, because the island is not going to stay put much longer. Increasing population is causing the natives to press the French administration for more tourist facilities, and a large airport is being built for Americans to land on.

★ ★ ★

PSYCHO-ANALYSTS are prophesying that if we are lucky enough to enjoy an outbreak of global peace this year, one of the consequences will be a boom in chess. Chess, it seems, is the perfect substitute for war, which is one of the reasons why the peaceful Indians invented it. It is also the most intellectually pure of all games, and one into which considerations of sex and gallantry never enter. Or so I always thought until I was told this story of how Capablanca lost his queen.

The great Cuban master was taking part in an exhibition game in Berlin, played with live human pieces on a board marked out on the floor of a hotel ballroom. Seated on tennis umpires' chairs, Capa and his opponent, the witty Aaron Nimzowitsch, called out their moves through megaphones. The pieces, actors and actresses supplied by the casting bureau



PANTOMIME has ancient roots and that at the Players' Theatre, "King Charming or The Blue Bird Of Paradise," is no exception. First performed over a hundred years ago, it is the story of Princess Florina and King Charming, played by Patricia Rowlands and Judith Whitaker (above)



PRIMA BALLERINA, Anne Heaton, and leading dancer, Donald MacLeary, are seen at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, rehearsing the new ballet "A Blue Rose"



Victoria Heber-Percy dancing with
Hugo Williams at this gay event



Mrs. Mark Agnew and Pipa Roberts,
daughter of Dr. Northcliffe Roberts



Judith Stevens and Christopher
Carter dancing the Gay Gordons

Desmond O'Neill

Children's holiday dance at the Seymour Hall to aid the Feathers Clubs

of the famous UFA film concern, hustled about accordingly. Presently Nimzowitsch, who was playing white, launched a furious attack on Capablanca's queen. She, a bewitching raven-haired starlet, was kept on the run all over the floor until she was breathless and panting as a hunted hind.

At last Nimzowitsch relaxed his pressure on the queen, only to smash home a new and overwhelming attack that broke up Capablanca's king's side and forced his resignation.

The spectators, mostly keen chess players of near master class, were dumbfounded. At any moment Capablanca could have turned the tables on Nimzowitsch by exchanging queens. Why had he not done so? Berlin chess circles could talk of nothing else. In the cafés that evening every possibility was exhaustively analysed to find out what might have been the Cuban's real strategic intention.

Meanwhile in a private sitting-room in the Adlon Hotel, Capablanca and his queen were having supper together. It was only by keeping her on the board so long that he had been able to date her up.

★ ★ ★

A PART from mulling, a messy and reprehensible practice anyway, is the application of any form of artificial heating to a bottle of red wine ever permissible?

I am in no doubt about the correct answer. It is NO! The only way to raise the temperature of wine is to stand the bottle in a room, and not a hot room, either. If there is no time to do this it is far better to drink the wine as it is, cellar cold, than to make any attempt whatsoever to "take the chill off." The fact is that a bottle of wine is a living thing, a biochemical process, and any sudden application of heat kills it stone dead. This is just as true of a delicate claret as it is of a coarse sultry *val de penas*.

I had a violent argument over Christmas about this with a friend of mine who, to make it worse, prides himself on being a bit of a connoisseur. He did not, of course, go so far as to dunk

the bottle in a bucket of hot water, but I did catch him putting it by the fire. When I remonstrated we had some sharpish words. He accused me of pretentious pedantry. I charged him with crass ignorance and betrayal of principle. It was only by gazing fixedly at the Christmas decorations—those magic spirals exert a peculiar hypnotic fascination—that we were able to control ourselves.

★ ★ ★

THE struggle against carbohydrates is now in full swing. There is no doubt, say biochemists, that manic-depressives, whose moods oscillate between elation and despair, have special difficulties with their carbohydrate metabolism. It may be that your new starch-free diet will turn you into a new man yet. Perhaps you are planning some new form of exercise to go with it. You might care to ponder over this story about the Zen Buddhist fencing master.

He lived in a mountain hut in retirement and only took pupils as a special favour. One particularly aristocratic pupil who came to him agreed to do everything he was told. He was made to collect firewood, draw water from the spring, cook the rice, sweep the hut and do all the chores. At the end of some months he asked when the fencing lessons were going to begin. "Now, if you like," said the master, and he fetched him a sudden crack with a bamboo stick. From now on the pupil had no peace. Whatever he was doing, the master would creep up on him and strike from behind with a stick. Some years passed and at last he developed a sixth sense which enabled him to dodge the blow from wherever it was aimed. One morning he found the master cooking his own vegetables over the fire. Raising his own stick the pupil aimed a mighty blow at the master's head. The master without even looking round parried it with his saucepan lid.

"This," says Professor Suzuki who tells the story, "opened the pupil's mind to the secrets of the art of fencing. Now for the first time he really appreciated the unparalleled kindness of the master."





*Miss June Ryley with Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Mobbs.
Mrs. Mobbs was the dance president*

A RIVERSIDE DANCE

A DANCE to raise funds for the Royal National Life Boat Institution (Chilterns Branch) was held at the Compleat Angler, Marlow. Amongst the large number of guests supporting this good cause were (above) Miss Margaret Pitman, Miss April Brunner and Mr. David Ashton-Bostock

Mr. and Mrs. John Hodgson were among the two hundred guests at the ball

A. V. Swaebe



*Miss Shirley Medley was with
Mr. Peter Simkin*



*Mr. John Cope and Miss
Elizabeth Gibson*



*Mr. Christopher Lewis and
Miss Cecilia Thompson*



*Miss Honor Riddell Williams
with Mr. Simon Kunzer*



The boar's head was borne into the banqueting hall in accordance with an ancient tradition



A FANCY DRESS BALL

BIRTSMORETON COURT, Worcestershire, was the setting for a fancy dress ball given by its owner, Mr. F. B. Bradley-Birt, who is seen (above centre) with Mrs. R. I. Colebrook (left), Mrs. I. Heycock and Mr. Whitelaw



Mrs. Percival and Mr. A. H. Percival



Miss Gillie Percival and Mr. John Percival

Miss Elena Orloff and Mr. Mark de la Pena



Miss Stefanie Davison and Mr. David Nash



Mr. David Lidderdale and Miss Damaris Hayman arriving for the ball in their fancy dress costumes

Van Hallan





THE EARL OF WARWICK opening the new clubhouse of the Eagle Ski-Club in the Bernese Oberland on the Wasserngrat mountain at Gstaad. Membership is limited to 100 and the membership fee is £250

Priscilla in Paris

THE EMERGENCY TAXICAB IS WHITE

THE winter sports crowds are returning and every station yard has its waiting ambulances. Whether they are all expecting *bona fide* snow and ice victims is not certain. I know a young man who, despite his youth, is the father of many! His family seems to run to twins, of which he has two sets, as well as four singles. They range, in age, from two to ten; papa and mama find that an ambulance, complete with eagle-eyed attendant, is the best way of getting them to their home on the outskirts of Paris after having been shut up in the train all day. It is the last lap that is the hardest.

A personage who also made use of an ambulance for not strictly medical reasons is Zavatta the famous clown. He discovered that a television engagement on Boxing Day barely left him time to get across Paris by ordinary means, to the Olympia where he was due to appear. He therefore chartered an ambulance, into which he was tenderly stretchered by the attendants while an *agent de police* kept the crowd back. Once inside with blinds drawn he changed and renewed his make-up, while the driver clanged his way through the traffic lights and got him to the boulevard des Capucines exactly on time.

THIS week I belatedly performed my good deed for the year by paying a visit to the lady of the mop who helps Josephine in times of stress. She had stepped on a piece of soap that had been left where it had no business to be, and the resulting somersault gave the poor soul rather a shaking. It was, however, quite a happy woman that I found sitting up in her neat and narrow bed. Christmas fare had been plentiful, she was enjoying a "nice rest" and was still chuckling over the Christmas tree that was the talk of Paris.



PRINCE FRANZ JOSEPH II of Liechtenstein poses to Gustinus Ambrosi in Vienna for the bust which is to be placed in the Principality's pavilion at the Brussels World Fair this year

The talk of Paris but also a bad headache for the organizers who planned the display. Obviously one could not hope to find an outstandingly magnificent fir tree in the Bois de Boulogne or even in the back garden of President Coty's Palais de l'Elysée, but to go so far afield as Audelot-en-Montagne, some 300 kilometres from Paris, was asking for trouble.

A gorgeous tree was selected, it was thirty-five metres high and all the birds of the air fell a-sighing and sobbing when the woodman swung his axe! A powerful tractor hauled it to the *parvis* of Notre-Dame where it was to be set up for the greater enjoyment of the populace.

THE hospital of l'Hôtel-Dieu, where I visited Josephine's co-worker, overlooks the *parvis* and the inmates of the hospital had something to say when the great tree was first hauled to an upright position. The high roads of *la belle France* had worn away the branches that, for 300 long kilometres, had swept their surface. The lop-sided effect thus caused was vastly distressing.

With great excitement, enjoyed by all onlookers, gangs of workmen were rushed to the scene bringing more trees, of which the best branches were used to camouflage what might be called the devastated areas. Very aptly my good lady of the hospital remarked that the workmen, who had made a fine brush-and-comb job of it, were more like hairdressers than whatever their guild proclaimed them to be. When, loaded with hundreds of multi-coloured lights, masses of artificial snow, glittering with spangles and gay with flags and streamers, the result was seen, loud cheers went up; the travel-worn king of the fir forest became the show Christmas tree of all times and bravely stood almost as high as the towers of Notre-Dame.

All the same there is quite a moral to this story if one cares to look for it.

A not-unexpected consequence of the magnificence of this festive fir were the great crowds who, attracted by the saga of the tree's rejuvenation, went to see the marvel for themselves. They were everywhere, even, it was rumoured, up the tree itself! But it is an ill wind . . . and by the end of the holidays the nuns in Notre-Dame were quite exhausted from collecting alms from the throng of visitors who afterwards visited the cathedral.

The strike of the stage *personnel* has caused—from the spectators' superficial point of view—less damage than was expected. Only the State theatre really suffered. The Opera and Opera Comique closed down completely since it was obvious that leading singers could not sing their own rôles and at the same time replace crowds of chorists, but at the Comédie Française our finest actors and actresses gaily and very competently took over the jobs of property man, prompter, dresser, call-boy, electrician and scene shifter. This is perhaps an overstatement.

ONE hundred and nineteen stage hands are necessary for the smooth running of a performance at the Comédie and it was thought wiser to switch on the footlights at full power when the curtain rose, and leave well alone until the end of the play. Twilight love scenes were murmured in the blaze of a midday sun, but thanks to today's reckless disregard of propriety no one was shocked.

The scene shifters had little to shift since scenery was replaced by velvet curtains and screens. Not that screens are easy to fold; they also have a disconcerting way of toppling over, and there were amusing interludes.

A droll incident, happily unseen by the audience, occurred when a very charming actress, famous for her *embonpoint*, volunteered as prompter. In many French theatres the prompter is stowed into a small hutch of which the roof protrudes slightly above the level of the stage in the centre of the footlights. The lady managed to squeeze into it, but it was not so easy to get her out.

During the interval after the first act the sound of sawing was heard and the whine of nails being extracted. However when, later, Madame X appeared in one of her usual rôles she seemed none the worse for wear. The same cannot be said for the state of the prompter's hutch, and for the rest of the evening the prompting was done from the wings.

The New Year bells are not yet ringing as I write, but the bell-ringers are reaching for the ropes. Already one is making plans for 1958 vowing that, so far as one's puny, personal endeavours go, it will be a better year than the one that is leaving us, so: Happy New Year to us all!



F. J. Goodman

THE MARQUISE DE BELLEVILLE, who is South American, in her appartement in the rue du Conseiller Collignon in Paris. The dress is the one she wore at the British Embassy Ball



COMTESSE DE VERDALLE LA ROMAGERE was also photographed in Paris, dressed in a Lanvin-Castillo gown. She is the daughter of the Baron and Baronne Pierre de Didelot



At the Theatre

THE MOUSE THAT TURNED

AMONG accomplished players of brittle social comedy Mr. Hugh Williams is, in one respect, markedly Celtic. When he has almost finished making the light, easy, amusing effects that are part of a cynical worldling's routine he is always grateful for a passage of simple sentiment. To this he gives the sudden ring of sincerity which takes an audience by surprise. In existing comedies, apparently, such passages are in short supply and the only way to make good the deficiency that irked the actor was that he and his wife should go into authorship on their own account.

This they have done, and with such success that the second play of the partnership, *The Happy Man* at the Westminster, is likely to run quite as long as the first.

Plaintiff In A Pretty Hat was a charming trifle in the Lonsdale style, all epigrams and coronets, but the impoverished peer had, you recall, his moment of sincerity, and a very telling moment Mr. Williams made it. The partners are, however, seen in a wholly different vein of social comedy in the present play.

A Surrey stockbroker who is about to become a father, a stolid family doctor, a level-headed nannie, a domineering midwife, a slightly hysterical French governess whose youth is slipping away from her—where among the regular features of a well-to-do home, we begin by asking, are the authors to start up any new game?

THE answer turns out to be that no new game is intended. It is an old game that rests its appeal on the pleasure of recognizing the familiar. Miss Dodie Smith used to play it acceptably, but not, I think, any better than it is played in this instance. In characterization, if not in construction, Mr. and Mrs. Williams can give points to their forerunner in this genre. The stockbroker, the doctor and the domestics are very ordinary people, but seem to be completely understood. As to the theme—which takes shape casually out of dialogue which in places is extremely funny, in places serious and even moving and everywhere is simultaneously commonplace and

"THE HAPPY MAN" (Westminster Theatre). During the course of the evening the eponymous master of the household at times comes near to belying his title. Indeed, it is only with the genial assistance of copious draughts of courage-giving alcohol that the stockbroker hero, played by Mr. Hugh Williams (above right), is able to set his house in order, starting with the dismissal of the midwife, Everley Gregg (left). Cyril Raymond as the doctor (centre) gives sage advice. Drawings by Glan Williams

theatrically effective—it is by no means a negligible theme. What is wrong with human nature that it needs a crisis before it can give its essential decency leave to function?

How tiresome to the stockbroker who, though the father of four, is nervous of childbirth, is the self-importance of the aggressively professional nursing sister and the hysteria of the French governess who he suspects is falling in love with him. But when his needless anxiety is unexpectedly justified and his wife nearly dies, the sister makes him feel the genuine human sympathy working under the surface of the professional martinet and the hysterical governess pedals through a storm to fetch the doctor and quietly organizes a chain of prayer. Then the stolid doctor discusses the place of faith in his scientific system of thought with comforting good sense.

BUT no sooner is the crisis at an end than the husband has to sack both nurse and governess summarily. The bossy nurse has become intolerable to the patient, the governess more clearly than ever is in love with him, and both hate and malign each other.

He is a kindly man and to get through the sackings he fills himself with whisky. The nurse puts up a battle royal which angers him; the governess wrings his heart by the brave face (all things considered) which she puts on her misery; and brooding on the problem of why it should be necessary for him to be unkind to two unfortunates who had so signally earned his gratitude, the constitutionally happy man goes on drinking miserably.

Mr. Williams, acting throughout the evening with an ease which is very attractive, is first-rate in this drinking scene. Miss Everley Gregg, Miss Valerie Taylor and Miss Edith Sharpe could hardly in their several ways be bettered, and Mr. Cyril Raymond is excellent as the doctor. We come away marvelling how much entertainment the authors have coaxed out of commonplace material, and grateful to the actors for losing nothing of it.



Edith Sharpe (left) as the nannie whom no show of temperament disturbs, and Valerie Taylor as the French governess

—Anthony Cookman



K. Parker

From Oxford leading lady to West End stardom

JILL BENNETT is a young actress who, after many years of hard but by no means unappreciated work in the various media of theatre repertory, films and television, has received critical acclamation for her success as Isabelle in "Dinner With The Family." This production of the Jean Anouilh comedy was first seen at Oxford at the Playhouse, from where it has been transferred by Donald Albery to the New Theatre, with the same cast, whose leading man is John Justin



Miss Grania Bevan who hunts with the Meath, and Miss Frances Boylan



The Hon. Diana Carew with her brother
the Hon. Patrick Carew

AN IRISH LAWN MEET AT CASTLETON

THE KILDARE HUNT CLUB held a meet at Castletown, Lord and Lady Carew's magnificent house at Celbridge, Co. Kildare. Castletown, the largest house in Ireland, possesses an estate of over 4,000 acres providing fine shooting and fishing as well as many coverts yielding foxes

In line behind the pack were Lt.-Col. C. Clements, the hunt secretary (left),
Lt.-Col. M. Clements, Lt.-Col. J. Huime Dudgeon and Miss Betty O'Kelly





C.C. Fennell

Hounds preparing to move off to draw the first covert. The hunt dates from 1793, and its country offers magnificent sport

Kirkpatrick.
with Mrs. C.

conversation
ss

Lord Carew, who owns Castletown, with
Lady Kirkpatrick

Mrs. Gerald Sweetman with her son
Peter Sweetman, a young follower



At the Pictures

FERNANDEL AT THE TOP OF HIS FORM



DOLORES MICHAELS takes the part of Corporal Jean Evans in *Time Limit*, the story of a court martial following a Korean war incident, co-starring Richard Widmark and Richard Basehart



JACK HAWKINS and Dianne Foster in *Gideon's Day*, an exciting treatment of twenty-four hours in the life of a Scotland Yard man

ATHENE SEYLER and Niall MacGinnis in a scene from *Night Of The Demon*, a thriller based on one of M. R. James's short stories



IT is a fact, sad or amusing according to taste, that there are a number of actors and actresses whose best performances are given outside the theatre or the film studio. I know a young person who cannot act for toffee on the stage, yet she can sweep into the Savoy giving a quite lifelike impression of a world famous celebrity returning to her favourite hotel after an exhausting but triumphant tour of the capitals of Europe (which, incidentally, she has never visited).

Others whose professional work ranks as third-to-fifth-rate have been seen to display remarkable dramatic gifts in their agents' offices, on the racecourse, at dinner parties, and when coping with irate landladies or quarrelling with their families. The adorable Fernandel is such a one in *His Greatest Rôle*—a charming comedy, directed by M. Jean Boyer

While playing second lead in a second-class touring company, Fernandel is stranded in a provincial town with nothing to wear but the clothes he has used in the show—the much bemedalled uniform of a captain in the Foreign Legion. The colonel of the local garrison, taking him for the genuine article, entertains him lavishly and the colonel's wife falls like a ton of rather old bricks for him in his rôle of gallant captain from overseas. For the first time in his life, Fernandel is a hit.

CONSIDERABLY stimulated, he returns to Paris to give an audition—and in order to make it an impressive one, he hires a morning-coat and topper. He doesn't get the part but on his disconsolate way home he pauses at a church where a society wedding is in progress. He is immediately assumed to be a guest and is whisked off to the wedding luncheon, where he scores a success with a Rumanian princess, Miss Nadia Gray.

An idea dawns on Fernandel: all the world's a stage—so why should he reserve his talents for the unappreciative theatre? In rapid succession and with enormous élan, he plays, for his own amusement and profit, a variety of parts—a Consul General, a tourist-guide, a big-business tycoon, and a king of the underworld.

This last rôle lands him in the hands of the law. In conducting his own defence, Fernandel gives a spirited performance as an impassioned and witty counsel and, refuting the charge of "false pretences" brought against him on the strength of his long list of impersonations, secures his own acquittal. The resultant publicity brings him the offer of a part on the Paris stage such as he has longed for all his life.

On the first night of the new production, Fernandel loses his voice—and his efforts to carry on without words give this glorious droll a chance to mime as only he can, and, incidentally, convert the play from what appears to be a rather sticky melodrama into an hilarious farce. Fernandel is in his finest form—and I was very happy to see him, as one has rarely done recently, romping through a thoroughly light-hearted entertainment without a single corpse in sight.

FROM India comes a beautiful and very moving film, *Pather Panchali*—the story of an impecunious Bengali family, scripted and directed by Mr. Satyajit Ray. The father of the family, Harirar Ray, was trained for the priesthood and dreams of being a poet but ekes out a precarious living as a clerk in his ancestral village. He is ineffably kind and unpractical and it is left to his harassed wife, Sarbajaya, to contend as best she can with the poverty that dogs them, to care for their two children—Durga, an adolescent girl, and Apu, a ravishing little dark-eyed boy—and for an ancient crone known as "Auntie," an uninvited guest in their dilapidated home and as tenacious as The Old Man of the Sea.

The film, documentary in quality, is a saga of life and death, of hardship painfully endured, and essentially of childhood. As the



A FAR EAST ADVENTURE

JON PROVOST, tow-headed and slightly apprehensive, is seen with his friend Roger Nakagawa in *Escapade In Japan*. The film follows the adventures of an American and a Japanese boy who, brought together by chance, run away from the grown-ups who would try to separate them. Fascinating sidelights of life in Japan alternate with comedy and near-tragedy in the film.

ory progresses, the children, their experiences and development, sensitively observed, become its focal point: Durga vaguely disturbed by a young neighbour's preparations for marriage, Apu following his sister through the tall grass and stoning entranced to the singing of telephone wires and the under of a passing train, their first encounter with death, the incidents, some trivial others tragic, which indicate and mould their characters—all these provide moments of exquisite and unforgettable beauty in a picture illuminated throughout with compassion.

MR. PETER FINCH is at his best in *Windom's Way* as a well-meaning British doctor who, misguidedly as it seems, involves himself in local politics on the Far East island where he is in charge of a hospital. Most of the natives (precise nationality unspecified) in his neighbourhood work on a plantation which seethes with unrest—the workers loudly complaining that they are being exploited.

Mr. Finch, sympathizing with them to some extent but mainly concerned with relieving the existing tension, volunteers to mediate between them and the authorities. He only succeeds in aggravating the position and incurring the anger of the Commissioner (nationality again unspecified—but an excellent performance by Mr. Marne Maitland), who arrives with a detachment of troops.

On Mr. Finch's advice, the villagers take to the hills while Mr. Finch negotiates for peace with the wily Commissioner, who deceitfully agrees to withdraw his troops. That he does not do so turns out to be a good thing—for Mr. Finch's beloved villagers have joined forces with a rebel (Communist, I take it) army and are preparing to attack. The way to war, it seems, is paved with good intentions. A courageous film, admirably directed by Mr. Ronald Neame.

—Elspeth Grant



HARRY SECOMBE in the title role of *Davy*, a Michael-Balcon-Ealing picture describing the conflict of loyalty in a music-hall troupe when grand opera beckons temptingly to its chief performer

Book Reviews

A WINTER JOURNEY TO THE SPICE ISLANDS

ADMISSIONS of happiness are rare. All the more welcome, therefore, is **Journey To Java**, by Harold Nicolson (Constable, 21s.). This describes, says the author, "two of the happiest months which, in a life of wholly unmerited felicity, I have ever enjoyed." Leaving London on January 15, 1957, Sir Harold and his wife V. Sackville-West set sail for Java, reached it, spent a week there and sailed home again. En route, they made various landings. The ship was the liner *Willem Ruys*, of the Rotterdam Lloyd. This resultant book is in the form of a diary, and could a form be better?

Empty as ocean days might seem to be, there is no time when one is actually doing nothing; it's a matter simply of what one chooses to do. Miss Sackville-West, in her cabin, worked on a new book I passionately await, her biography of *La Grande Mademoiselle*; Sir Harold, either in his, or above on deck, followed a reading course he had set himself; subject, causeless melancholy. Fortunately, the range of suffering authors, from Robert Burton to Colin Wilson, did not affect or lower their reader's spirits. Neither did a nerve-racked fellow passenger, Mr. Culpepper. When this Culpepper, with his "Whoo-hoo," first entered the scene, I thought for a moment that Sir Harold must be in danger of suffering in the same way as did Mr. Evelyn's Waugh's Mr. Gilbert Pinfold. This was not the case. Nobody else on board was at all trying; and I have an impression that thanks to Sir Harold's kindness those who made the outward or homeward voyage in his company will have stored up many rewarding memories.

He fails in sympathy only in one particular, which I must say hurt me—an absolute apathy as to Test Matches. He deprecates the absence of puddings from the *Willem Ruys*'s otherwise lengthy menu, dislikes Cape Town architecture (great opportunity missed) and was rightly enraged by a Ceylon chauffeur. Otherwise, no shadow was cast upon this holiday.

★ ★ ★

A BOOK with a title which can speak for itself is **Intimate Letters Of England's Queens** (Museum Press, 30s.). The compiler, and annotator, is Margaret Sanders, who, having searched the archives, gives us, from the Tudors to Queen Victoria, epistles from queens regnant or consort; written always for private reasons or under stress. In making her selection Miss Sanders has been, pardonably, influenced by her own feeling for, or against, the royal letter-writer in question. She detests, for instance, those smug and perfidious daughters of ill-treated James II; the Queens Mary and Anne, accordingly, are caused to show themselves in the least pleasing lights. As against that, her sympathy (which I dare to share) for that devilish little intriguer Anne Boleyn makes us see the young woman's first bid for Henry VIII's heart, her subsequent sinister hints to Cardinal Wolsey, and her final far from undignified fight for life, as a form of high-spirited free-lancing.

To keep one's head, in a crisis, is necessary even in our more sheltered epoch. Several well-worded letters are from the pens of ladies whose last hope (often vain) this was of avoiding the block. Elizabeth I, as a young princess, missed being beheaded more narrowly than we may realize—which did not soften her attitude to her cousin Mary, Queen of Scots, when the time came. Elizabeth I, as Miss Sanders points out, was from birth a diplomat of the first order: her letter to James I, condoling with him on the "accident" of his mother's execution, is a masterpiece. Best of all are her efforts as a young creature. "I am struggling between two contending wishes . . ." is how the precocious minx, at the age of seven, begins a letter to stepmother Anne of Cleves. With yet another stepmother she does even better, at the age of ten, "Inimical fortune, envious of all good and ever revolving human affairs, has deprived me for a whole year of your illustrious company . . ." is her engaging opening to Catherine Parr.

At fourteen, refusing a proposal of marriage from a rash



A CANE CUTTER is one of the illustrations in Peter Abrahams's *Jamaica—An Island Mosaic* (25s.), an addition to the Corona Library published by H.M. Stationery Office



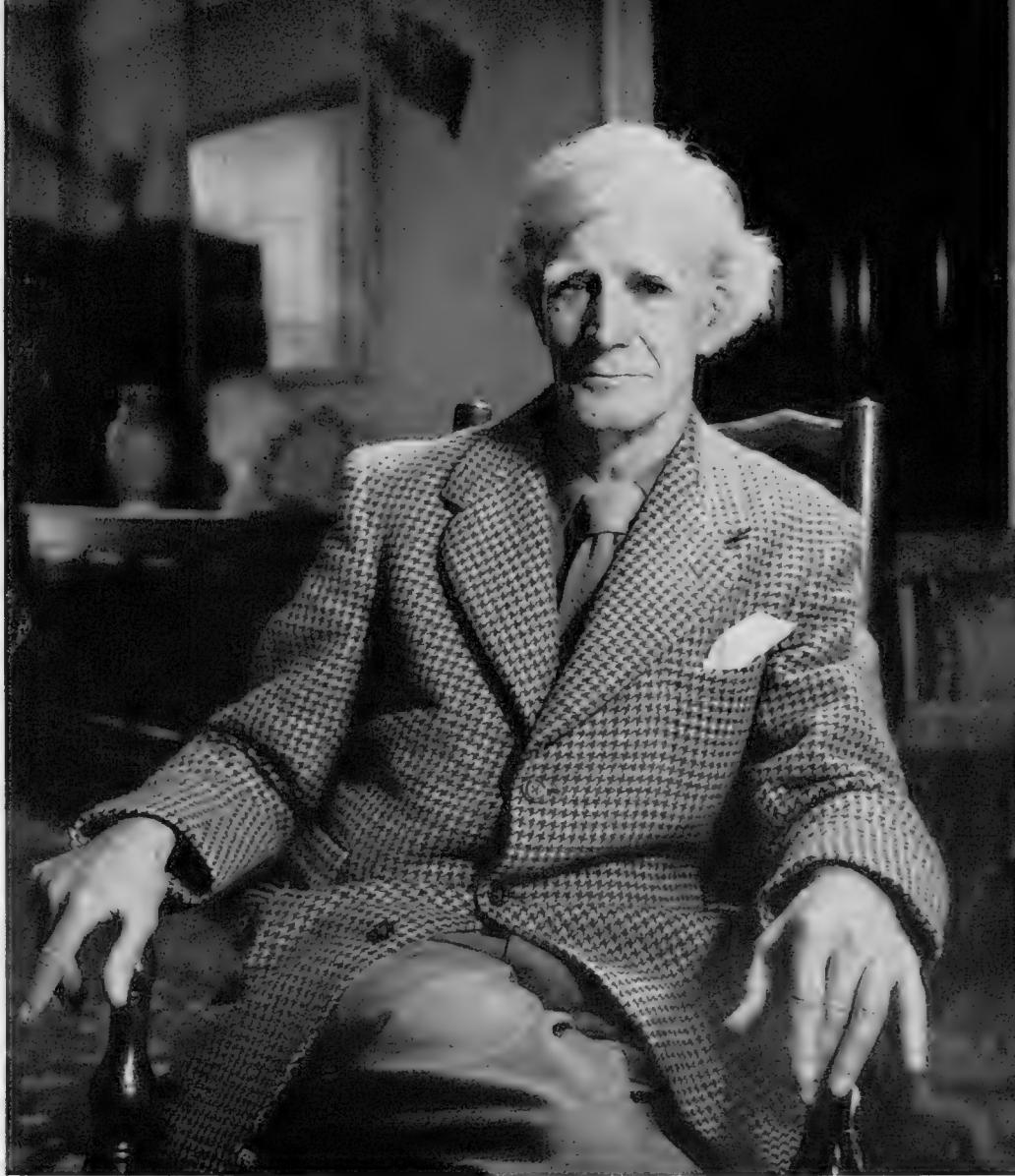
A CAT who climbs the feline social ladder is the hero of May Sarton's delightful book *The Fur Person*, illustrated by Barbara Knox (Muller, 10s. 6d.)

TAMING THE WILD, Alexis looks at Nizam without due reverence. A picture from the autobiography of Alex Kerr, famous wild-cat trainer, *No Bars Between* (Cassell, 16s.)





JANE GASKELL, whose first novel, *Strange Evil* (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.), sold 10,000 copies here, is seen holding the French version when she visited Paris recently to inaugurate its publication in France



Clayton Evans

HOWARD SPRING, whose well-known novels cover a wide field of social history, published his most recent book, *Time And The Hour*, last autumn (Collins, 16s.)

admiral, our future Elizabeth I shows quite a touch of the Jane Austen miss—"I confess to you that your letter, all elegant as it is, has very much surprised me. . . ." Family relationships, particularly those between woman and woman (addresses to royal husbands, brothers, sons, suitors are inevitably more formal and stylized), emerge very humanly in this book. Miss Sanders's joining-up passages, neatly done themselves, are a supplement to history. *Intimate Letters Of England's Queens* is a book I much recommend, and intend to keep.

★ ★ ★

MAX BEERBOHM, most living of personalities, left this world more than a year ago. In **Mainly On The Air** (Heinemann, 21s.) he seems still with us. Here is a new and enlarged edition of the book first published in 1946, additions being eight more broadcast talks, and the 1943 Rede Lecture—on Lytton Strachey. Six essays, which Sir Max describes as his "narrowcasts" (these knew print only, were never heard on the air), include his delicious *Note On The Einstein Theory*, his 1940 *From Bloomsbury To Bayswater* (tribute to the non-intellectuals) and *Fenestralia*, a brilliant piece about windows.

Lucky were those in Cambridge who heard, and saw, Max Beerbohm speaking on Lytton Strachey: aesthetic judgment and man-to-man understanding have probably seldom been better linked, or the whole presented with more accomplishment. From Broadcasting House were spoken the tributes to George Moore, Desmond MacCarthy, Marie Lloyd. In his Author's Note to the 1946 edition, Sir Max reminded readers that these pieces and others (*London Revisited*, *Playgoing*, *An Incident*, etc.) were originally "written for the ear." Their style does not suffer, whatever the author feared. What one marvels at is his genius for the microphone—an instrument to which he came late in life. *Mainly On The Air* makes a fitting close to the long, lovely line of Max Beerbohm works.

—Elizabeth Bowen



Yevonde

PAMELA ROPNER, whose book for children *The Golden Impala* appeared in October (Hart-Davis, 12s. 6d.), was married last June to Mr. Thomas Stuttaford



The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
JANUARY 8,
1958
66



Janet West's white sheath dress (above right) of wild silk is trimmed with huge silk cabbage roses and has minute shoe-string shoulder straps. A neckline to fascinate the eye across any table. The pearl ear-rings come from Paris House

A black velvet top (above left) from Elizabeth Winter has an inset of pale pink and black ruched net. The top, which is tight-fitting and costs 19 gns., is highlighted with a pink satin rose. A neckline which throws the whole attention on the face and neck. The black jet ear-rings from Paris House

The gentle femininity of lace is flattering to all women. Cresta's short grey lace dress (left) trimmed with a high-waisted satin sash, provides a soft delicate neckline, veiling the shoulders. Only at Cresta shops, and made also in champagne, peacock and garnet red, the dress costs 19½ gns. Pearl necklace by Paris House

FOCUS ON



HOW much of a dress is seen at a London night club? The bodice line and no more. For dining out in crowded restaurants it is, then, the neckline which is all-important; the skirt ideally should be slim-fitting and easy to manage. La Strada's black crepe sheath (above) imported from America has a dramatic plunging neckline. The dress, which costs 17 gns., is highlighted with jewellery from Paris House. Photographed at the Society Restaurant, Jermyn St.

THE IMPORTANT NECKLINE



SYLVIA MILLS suit (opposite) in pure silk houndstooth, navy on white, lined throughout. It is already obtainable at Peter Robinson (who also have it in sapphire), Kendal Milne, Manchester, and Morrisons of Glasgow, and costs approximately 21 gns. Navy and white hat by Hugh Beresford

FIRST OF THE SPRING SUITS



Michel Molinare

IN BIRD'S-EYE Scottish Saxony, Sumrie's suit (above) is made in a very wide range of fittings and colourings. Sumrie, in fact, claim to be able to fit almost any figure. The suit, which costs about 21 gns., is obtainable at Derry & Toms, London; and Ridley and Livlock, Norwich

FREDERICK STARKE'S suit (left), in heavy shielana tweed, is worn with a pure silk organza blouse. The suit costs about 26 gns., the blouse 10½ gns. at Cresta, Bond Street; and Dalys of Glasgow. Gloves by Kayser Bondor, hat by Hugh Beresford, Victorian brooch by Cameo Corner



LOOSE FITTING suit in a pale blue and grey wool check designed by Spectator Sports with three-quarter length sleeves. At Hunts of Bond Street and Marshall & Snelgrove, Sheffield, price about 17 gns. Worn with the suit are Hugh Beresford's hat, Cameo Corner's antique brooch, and gloves by Kayser Bondor



DORVILLE'S loosely belted suit in an olive grey and black tweed is obtainable at Eve Valere, Knightsbridge, and Williams & Hopkins, Bournemouth, costing about 26 gns. Ascher's pure silk Spanish Riding School scarf and Cameo Corner's gold link and enamel Victorian bracelet are worn with this suit

FOUR ACES FROM THE EARLY SUIT



MATTA'S casual suit in a lime and lemon light-weight tweed, casual and easy fitting with an a-line straight skirt. At Dickins & Jones, London, and Mary Lee of Tunbridge Wells, price about 28 gns. Hat by Hugh Beresford and the antique jewellery by Cameo Corner



A FINE wool check, lime with grey (right), is used for Koupy's suit with its single button and bow fastening. At Marshall & Snelgrove, London, and King's Fashions, Glasgow, it costs about 30 gns. Worn with Cameo Corner's gold seal bracelet and Victorian amethyst brooch. Hat by Hugh Beresford

LEATHER AND THE TAILOR'



ART

NOTHING is better looking than a good leather coat. Nothing defeats a penetrating wind more efficiently, no skin tailors more satisfactorily. The suit (left) in green suede follows the fashion dictates of the moment with its long loose-waisted jacket and snug-fitting hipline. It costs 43 gns., the matching suede hat 6½ gns., the handbag 12 gns. The full-length coat (right) is in tan suede with a low-slung half-belt and also costs 43 gns., the gloves £2 5s. All from Leather Craft, Dover Street



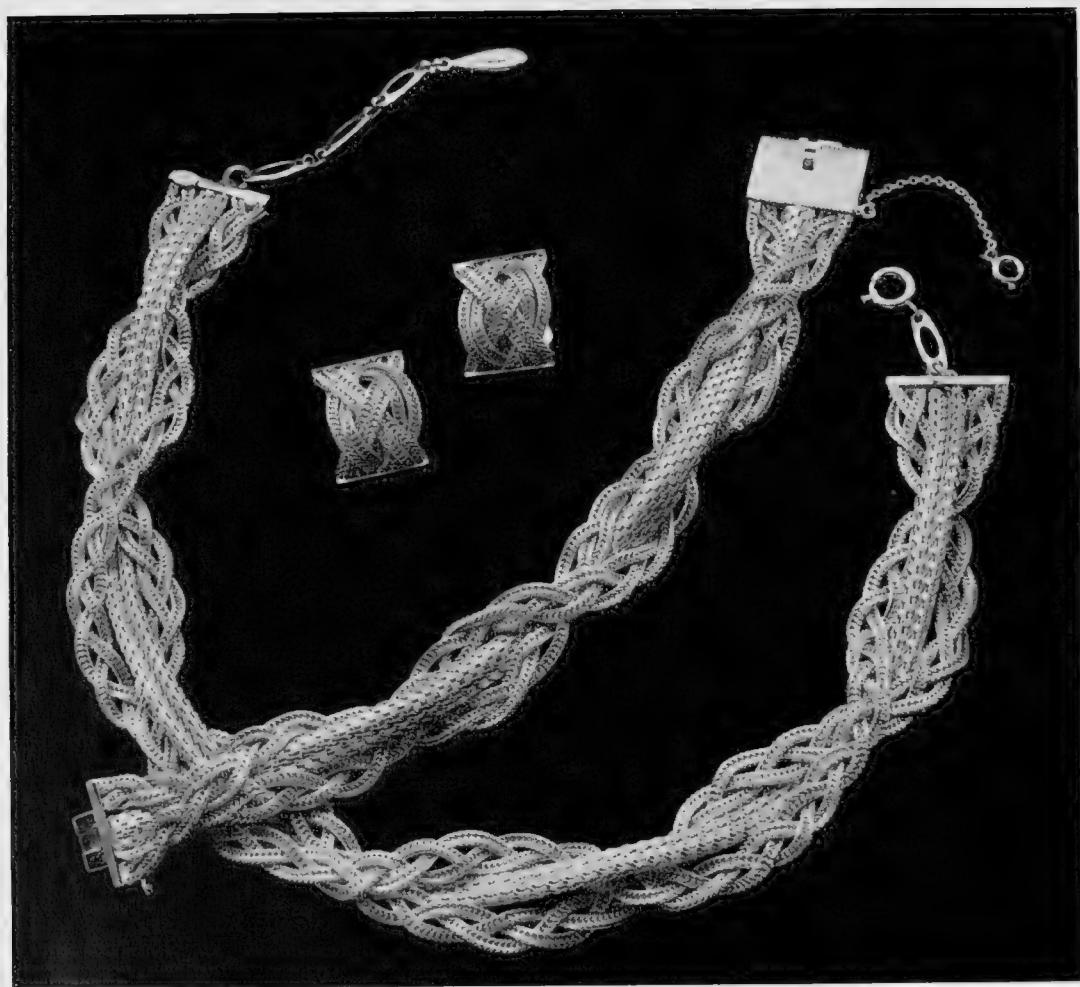
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n French

Jewellery with a dramatic impact

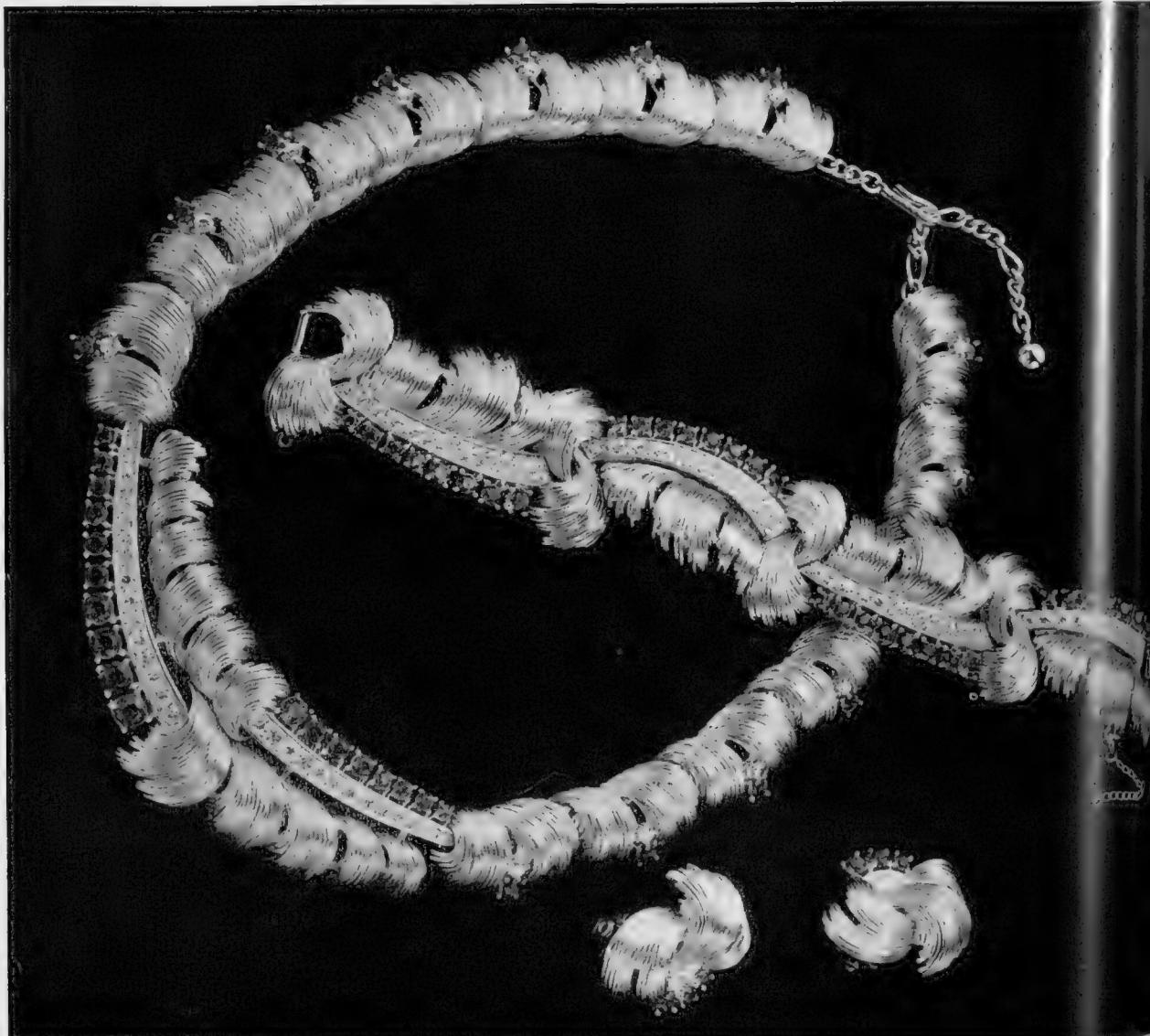
IT is widely recognized that a distinguished and well placed item of jewellery can work a transformation in a toilette. Jewellery designers have now seized on this fact to produce exciting pieces, often "en suite," of great beauty and effectiveness

—JEAN CLELAND

Photographs by
Dennis Smith



Dior gilt jewellery, plaited in an elegant and casual design that immediately catches the eye. The necklet is £13 2s. 6d., bracelet £12 10s., and earclips £7 10s. Available at Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly, London



American gilt pieces, with an original and charming brushed-out feathery motif, with synthetic rubies and diamonds. The necklet £34 13s., bracelet £29 8s., and earclips £6 16s. 6d. At Marshall and Snelgrove



old and chunky gilt brooch set with 1 stone centrepiece and ringed with z, £5 5s. Matching earclips £1 12s. 6d., Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street



Blue pearls and rhine-
stones, a most effective
contrast, are linked in
this Dior necklet, which
is called "Oslo." The
price is £11 1ls. with
matching earclips £4.
At Fortnum and Mason



White filigree metal on a
solid gilt base, set with
large garnet-coloured
stones makes an attrac-
tive and imposing brace-
let for a great number
of occasions. Debenham
and Freebody, £8 18s. 6d.



Beauty

The New Year's good news



A FLOWER PRINT decorates this charming dressing table tray, which has spill-proof edging. It can be had in various colours. From Elizabeth Arden, price £1 12s. 6d.

AT the beginning of the year, before the resolve to put the best face forward wears off, I must hasten to tell you of some new methods and new products for enhancing the looks, which should prove very helpful.

First an oxygen-ozone vapour bath which I saw in operation at Antoine's hairdressing salon in Dover Street. This, Mr. Alexis told me, is a new treatment for restoring health and beauty to the hair, by assisting the tissues to cleanse and purify themselves. It is effected by treating the hair with a very fine, heated vapour, composed of oxygen-ozone particles which, sprayed on to the scalp, stimulate the tissues and invigorate the circulation. The oxygen encourages the pores to open wide and "breathe" freely, while the stimulated circulation feeds the cells more abundantly, and quickens the elimination of deep-seated impurities.

In conjunction with special lotions, the treatment will correct excess greasiness, get rid of dandruff, and give new life and vigour to the hair. It is excellent, too, for dry and impoverished hair, and for these conditions the treatment commences with a scalp massage using a new formula biological oil.

The oxygen-ozone spray is also effectively used in facial treatments which are also given at Antoine's. As with the scalp, the skin surface is improved and the tissues revitalized. In cases of acne, and other facial blemishes, the spray is proving very helpful.

SOMETHING else in the hair line is a new plastic set called "Hair-Do." Produced by Linc-O-Lin, this provides the answer for those who want something non-drying to hold their hair in place after having it set. "Hair-Do" comes in a spray can, and has a light and very delicate scent. Its great virtue is that though it controls the hair and protects it against rain and wind, it leaves it soft, and has no drying effects. It can be easily removed by brushing.

Already good accounts are being given of a new cosmetic called "Placentubex," which has only lately come on to the market in this country, after achieving a great success on the Continent. Containing vitamins and very special extracts, and prepared by what the makers say is a unique process, "Placentubex" has an intensely penetrating action which carries it into the deeper strata of the skin. It is specially recommended for the older skin that tends to be wrinkled, and can be used on the face, the neck and the hands. Crêpiness under the eyes, and slackness along the jaw-line and contours, can be effectively treated with this new preparation which tightens and smooths the skin at the same time. To get the best results a warm compress should be applied—after cleansing—for a few minutes before starting the treatment.

SOME time ago Lancôme told me of a new "touch-and-be-ready" powder for the busy woman, soon to be marketed. This has now made its appearance and, having tried it out, I can truly praise the texture. "Maquivit"—the name of the powder—is a mixture of powder components, colourings and fats agglomerated by pressure. It can be used with or without a foundation, and gives a lovely finish to the complexion. I have been assured that it is absolutely non-drying, and it comes in six shades chosen from Lancôme's current powder range. I am often asked whether powder such as this, which combines a foundation as well, can be used in place of the ordinary one. The answer is that it is intended to be used in conjunction with the ordinary one. In the morning, when making up at the dressing table, nothing beats the powder that can be puffed on from a box. During the day, the "Maquivit" is ideal for the quick touching up for which it is designed.

Finally, there are two new items which you should ask to see when next you are shopping. First, a luxurious little gadget for making up the lips. This is a real sable hair brush in a slim gilt container. The softness of this little brush, which retracts automatically, puts the colour on to the lips beautifully smoothly. It is made by Max Factor.

Secondly, a new shade in lipstick and nail polish from Peggy Sage called "Set Fair." Very gay and springlike, this shade is so new that you may have to wait a few days after reading this, before you can get it, but it will be in "full sale" by the beginning of February.

—Jean Cleland

1958...

a year of grace...

a year to remember



*... and a date or two
to dwell upon for
that memorable dance
in the Empire Suite
at the Trocadero.*

*

Mr. Huber, the Banqueting Manager, may be consulted on all the details—GERRARD 6920

so
much better
for so little
more



CHURCHMAN'S
No. 1

4'1d for 20



THE HON. SIR LANCELOT JOYNSON-HICKS, Bt., M.P., is the Chairman of the Automobile Association. Sir Lancelot, heir presumptive to his brother Viscount Brentford, is the Conservative M.P. for Chichester, Sussex, and was for four years Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Fuel and Power

Motoring

SAFETY COMES FIRST ON WINTRY ROADS

Oliver Stewart



"NEW YEAR" T.R.3. A re-styled version of the enormously popular Triumph T.R.3. sports car made its bow on January 1. Improvements include a new grille, recessed headlamps, form-hugging seating and new type tyres for better road adhesion. Price (inc. tax) £1,049 17s.

IT is impossible to overemphasize the applications and the implications of that homely phrase: Look where you're going; for in that phrase lies the essence of all driving wisdom. If I refer to this now, it is because, at times of the year when ice may be expected both in this country and on the Continent, one particular part of "looking where you're going" acquires critical importance, the part concerned with the road surface.

In winter the driver is well advised to maintain a constant scrutiny of the road surface. Some of the new non-skid kinds are deceptive, for ice can form in the interstices of the roughened surface and produce a skating rink effect every bit as troublesome as the shining surfaces which appear on the older types of smooth road. A close watch must be kept, then, for changes in the colour and in the texture of the road.

It has happened, I regret to say, that a car has passed at speed over a section of slippery, icy surface without the driver's knowing anything about it! If the car is running straight and no course deflections are made the chances are that all will be well; but that does not affect the fact that it is a piece of desperately bad driving. For the driver ought to know at all times the kind of tyre adhesion he can expect and he can learn that by examining the surface; by *looking where he is going*.

REDUCTION in fares on the air ferry is going to be a great stimulus to touring in France during the summer. The reductions are, of course, tied to the dates—it could hardly be otherwise—but I believe that the average works out at about 25 per cent saving on last year's rates. It was Mr. E. C. Mekie, the Chairman of Silver City, who announced the reductions.

The routes concerned are those from Lydd (Ferryfield) to Le Touquet, Calais and Ostend and from Southampton to Cherbourg and Deauville. Examples of the new rates have been sent me. Thus a Rover 105 will have a standard summer fare this year of £11 10s. single against the 1957 minimum of £12 10s. with a peak of £17. An exception period is the seventeen mid-July to early September week-end days, but even then the Rover's peak fare will be £13 10s.

The new facilities on the boat ferry have already been mentioned and these, taken with the air ferry economies, will almost certainly ensure that all records for touring abroad are broken this year.

THE Argentine Grand Prix, which is down for January 19, is a welcome reminder that we are already moving out of the mud and murk towards another racing season. But it is too early to indicate the line-up with confidence. Maserati's decision has already been referred to, Ferrari's plans seem fairly stable and BRM and Vanwall should be putting in full teams.

Then Lotus Engineering seems to be all ready for Formula 1 events. Colin Chapman has been reported as saying that the Formula 1 effort will be made with a specially modified version of his standard Formula 2 car with the larger engine and modified body. Chapman is also reported as saying that the development work on a five-speed gearbox is complete. But before we come back to Grand Prix events after the Argentine race, there is the Monte Carlo Rally from January 21 to 29, which still holds its place as the premier event of its kind.

ALTHOUGH Asian influenza nearly prevented me from attending the R.A.C. party for Norman Freeman on his retirement from the post of Dunlop's racing manager, I just managed to stagger to the Club. Lord Howe, who paid a most pleasing tribute to Freeman's work and to his personal popularity, told me that he also had suffered from this infernal Asian "flu" and that it had laid him low for a month.

It was a representative gathering and included several of those who have been almost as constant in their attendances at the big race meetings and at the world speed record attempts as Freeman himself. It would be strange indeed if Freeman were to give up his interest in the sport and I shall certainly expect to see him at the circuits as regularly as in the past—though in some new capacity.

By now the new licence should have been taken out; but for the very forgetful I append this reminder. Local Taxation Offices and main Post Offices are the places to go to, and remember that there is, officially, no "period of grace." So if the matter does happen to have slipped your memory, my advice is: Be quick.



*The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
1958
JANUARY 8,
79*



Vedel—Dickson. Lt. Steen Vedel, R.D.N., only son of the late Lt.-Cdr. Eric Vedel and Mrs. Margretha Vedel, of Copenhagen, married Miss Susanna Margaret Dickson, daughter of Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir William and Lady Dickson, of London, at Holy Trinity, Brompton

RECENTLY MARRIED



Heald—Newburn. The wedding took place recently of F/Lt. Michael Arthur Rufus Heald, eldest son of Sir Lionel Heald, Q.C., M.P., of Chilworth Manor, Guildford, and Miss Olive Newburn, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. D. Newburn, of Cleveland Avenue, Holyhead, at Trearddur Bay, Anglesey

Muirhead—Vaughan. Mr. David Spencer Muirhead, only son of Brigadier and Mrs. James Muirhead, of Boat, Auldearn, Nairnshire, married Miss Susan Vaughan, eldest daughter of Brigadier and the Hon. Mrs. Hilary Vaughan of Nannau, Dolgellau, at St. Mary's, Dolgellau, Merioneth, North Wales

Wieler—Lodge. Capt. Denis Leslie Eric Wieler, K.O.Y.L.I., eldest son of Brig. and Mrs. L. F. E. Wieler, of Queen's House, H.M. Tower of London, married Miss Marcia Christine Lodge, only daughter of Mrs. Louise Lodge, of Marlborough Court, W.8, and the late Mr. Marshall Lodge, at St. Peter Ad Vincula in the Tower of London

Van Hallan

DINING IN

Luscious mouthfuls

FRIANDISE" means "daintiness" and *friandises* is the name given to small dessert dainties such as *petits fours* and little cakes and biscuits served with sweets and/or coffee. In these recent entertaining weeks, *friandises*, in many homes, have played their own important part. Often we buy them, but we ourselves can make them very easily.

Here is a useful cake mixture to be baked in a shallow oblong tin, and later cut into small squares or diamonds and coated with any favourite icing. Bake the cake the day before cutting it.

Dissolve 3 oz. caster sugar in 4 oz. milk over a low heat. Place 4 oz. butter and 3 oz. caster sugar in a bowl and cream them very well. Beat 2 large eggs and add and beat in, in six additions—that is, a little at a time—to prevent separation. Lightly mix in 8 oz. self-raising flour then stir in the cooled sweetened milk and a drop or two of vanilla essence. Turn into a greased and floured tin, 8 to 10 ins. by 12 ins., and bake for 25 to 30 minutes at 350 to 375 deg. F. or gas mark 4 to 5. Turn on to a wire rack to cool. When cold, put away until next day, then cut into small squares or diamonds and ice them as desired.

FLORENTINES, exotic little chocolate-dried-fruit "biscuits," should I think, be included in *petits fours*. They are delicious with coffee.

Melt 4 oz. butter in 3 oz. milk over a low heat. Add 8 oz. sifted icing sugar and mix well. Add 8 oz. split almonds, 4 oz. finely chopped peel, 2 oz. finely chopped glacé cherries and 2 oz. finely cut cargo or crystallized ginger. Leave overnight.

Place rice-paper discs (1½ to 2 ins. in diameter) on baking sheets, well apart. Heap a small teaspoon of the mixture on the centre of each, then bake in a moderately slow oven (350 deg. F. or gas mark 4) until the "Florentines" have spread and taken on a golden tone. Leave to become really cold.

Warm 6 to 8 oz. plain chocolate just enough to make it fairly soft. Dip each Florentine, rice paper down, on to it to pick up a nice chocolate coat. Quickly run a fork over the surface to make wavy lines. Rest, chocolate sides uppermost, on wire racks and leave to harden.

ON various occasions—when making mayonnaise, for instance—egg yolks only are required. One is then left with the whites, which must be used in other ways. Macaroons and meringues are one. The following Jap Cakes are another. The amounts are for one egg white, but if you have two, three or four, you can double, treble or quadruple the quantities.

Whip an egg white stiffly. Fold in 2 oz. ground almonds and 2 oz. caster sugar, then add a drop of vanilla essence. Line a shallow tin with greaseproof paper brushed with oil. Spread the mixture ¼ in. thick in it and bake in a moderately slow oven (325 deg. F. or gas mark 2) until almost set. Remove and stamp into 1½-in. rounds. Return them and the trimmings to the oven and bake until quite firm.

Remove the rounds only and place them on a wire rack to cool. Return the trimmings to the oven to become a really golden tone. When cold, roll into crumbs with the rolling-pin.

Spread half the cakes with coffee or vanilla butter icing and gently press the remaining half on top. Spread the tops and sides with butter icing and coat them with the crumbs. Garnish the top of each cake, if liked, with a dot of glacé icing in the centre.

Now for the French *Tuiles* (Tiles). For these you require 4½ oz. butter, 4½ oz. caster sugar, 2 eggs, 4½ oz. self-raising flour, a pinch of salt and ½ teaspoon vanilla essence.

Cream the butter and sugar very well and beat in the eggs, one at a time, together with a little of the flour. Sift the remainder of the flour with the salt and add with the essence. Drop teaspoons of the mixture on to greased baking sheets (or the inverted bottoms of baking tins) and, with the tip of the spoon, spread them out with a swirl. Bake for 7 minutes in a hot oven (450 deg. F. or gas mark 8).

Lift off and, if they have not dried out too much, place them over a rolling-pin so that they will curve like roof tiles. If they are too firm to bend, it is probably because the eggs were not large enough. In this case, add a little milk next time. With a little practice you will make these "tiles" perfectly next time.

You can make nut wafers of the "tiles." As they will not be in the oven long enough to brown the nuts, first brown 2 to 3 tablespoons of chopped blanched almonds in the oven. After spreading the batter with the tip of the spoon, drop some of the chopped nuts on to the centre of each. They will be a beautiful brown in the middle of a yellow wafer, with a brown border all around.

—Helen Burke



VICTOR LEDGER, proprietor of the Wellington Club, Knightsbridge, where one can wine, dine and dance until after midnight, seen with his wife in the lounge bar of the club

DINING OUT

Famous rendezvous

I KNOW of few better places to entertain than the private rooms available at the Trocadero, where you can give a dinner or luncheon party for anything from four to five hundred people. It is generally thought that if one has a private room for a small party it costs a great deal of extra money, whereas, in fact, it does nothing of the sort.

I found myself there on two occasions in one week, the first being a lunch given by Alejandro Cassinello for twenty people, all interested in wine, to meet in person Paco La Riva, whose La Riva sherries have established a great name for themselves in this country, and Philippe Viraut, chairman of Izarra, that golden-yellow liqueur from the Pyrénées.

It is always interesting to meet people whose names you may have seen on bottles for many years, and this was no exception.

This was the meal that was chosen for them: *Délices de Sole Dugléré; Perdreau Rôti sur Canapé, Haricots Verts Maître d'Hôtel, Pommes Chips, Salade Fines Herbes; Fromage Stilton; Ananas Orientale, Petits Fours* and coffee. The wines were Macharnudo "La Riva" Fino, Pouilly Fuissé 1953, Château Lynch-Bages, Pauillac, 1945; Vina "La Riva" and Yellow Izarra, Clos des Ducs Grande Réserve.

THE second occasion was the annual banquet of the Réunion des Gastronomes which took place in the Empire Suite of what one of the speakers described as "the dear old Troc," that somewhat fabulous room where, having your apéritifs beforehand and receiving your guests, you suddenly find one of the main walls, complete with bracketed electric lighting, slowly disappearing into the floor before your eyes, so that in a matter of moments the whole thing has become twice the size and your dining tables are before you.

Here were gathered together some 165 of the leading hoteliers and catering experts in the country, and it was a gastronomic affair of some importance, the origin of three of the special dishes being described in detail in the menu.

Chef Cuisinier Charles Beauford was certainly to be congratulated, as was Herman Huber, the banqueting manager, who has been with the company for forty-one years and was there personally to see that all was well.

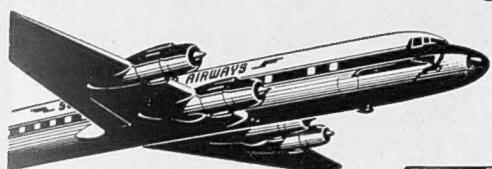
ANOTHER gastronomic *tour de force* was the lunch given by Madame Prunier at her restaurant in St. James's to celebrate the 21st Anniversary of the Prunier Trophy Competition for the crew hauling the largest single catch of herrings during the autumn fishing season.

The skipper, J. Muir, M.B.E., of the motor drifter Silver Cord which won the competition, was present with his crew who were presented with their awards by Prince Philip, who made a very amusing speech.

The courses consisted of *Harengs Trophy, La Crème Dame Blanche, La Selle de Veau Orloff* with *La Salade Mimosa, L'Ananas Voilé* and *Les Friandises*, the accompanying wines being Pouilly Fuissé 1955, Bonnes Mares 1953, Porto Mackenzie Driscoll 1935 and Fine Champagne Prunier Réserve 1900.

—I. Bickerstaff

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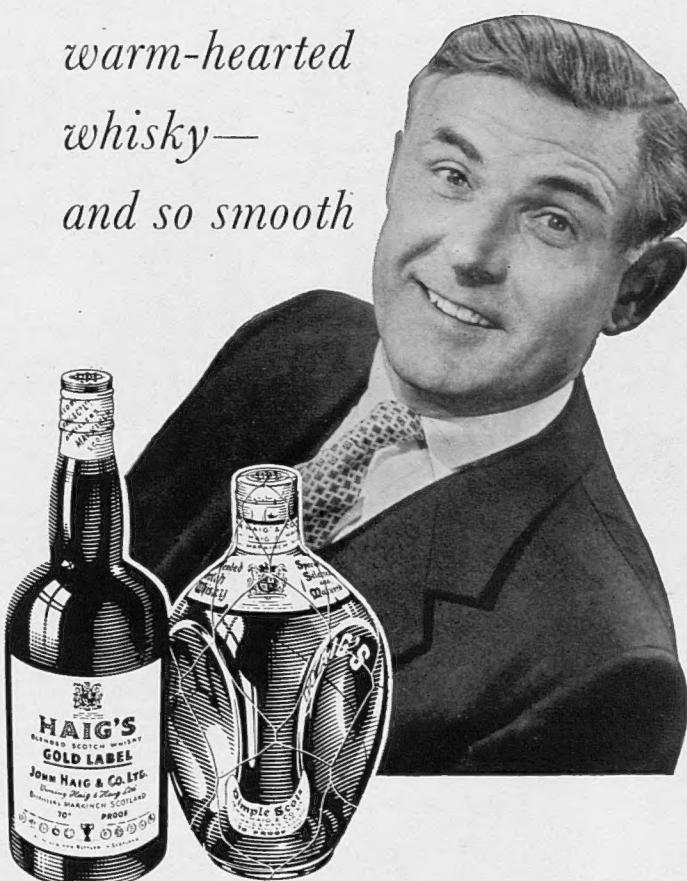
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